

# The Diverting Post.

From Saturday Feb. 3, to Saturday Feb. 10. 1704.

## A Receipt for a Sack Posset.

From fam'd Barbadoes, on the Western Main,  
Fetch Sugar half a Pound, fetch Sack from Spain  
A Pint, and from the Eastern Indian Coast,  
Nutmeg, the Glory of our Northern Toast.  
O're flaming Fire let them together heat,  
Till the all-conquering Sack dissolves the Sweet.  
O're such another Fire, put Eggs twice ten,  
New born from Tread of Cock, and Rump of Hen.  
Stir them with steady Hand, and Conscience pricking,  
To see th' untimely Fate of twenty Chicken.  
From shining Shelf take down the Brazen Skillet,  
A Quart of Milk from gentle Cow, will fill it.  
When Boil'd and Cold, put Milk and Sack to Egg,  
Unite them firmly, like the tripple League!  
Then a're the Fire let them together dwell,  
Whilst Miss twice Sings, you must not Kifs and Tell.  
Each Lad, each Lass, take up the murd'ring Spoons,  
And fall on fiercely, like to starv'd Dragoons.

## On Hei Gee Whoe.

When Orpheus (say the Poets) sung,  
The melting Musick of his Tongue,  
In Confort with th' harmonious Lyre,  
A gentle Softness could inspire  
In Savage Breasts, and at his Will,  
The Terrors of the Woods were still.  
He could their brutal Fury awe,  
And give the untam'd Herd a Law:  
And this Parnassian Beggars tell,  
As a prodigious Miracle.  
Say, prithee hast not often known  
A Waggoner go jogging on,  
Smoaking or Whistling in his way,  
Until his Team does chance to stray:  
Then certain magick Sounds he uses,  
Untaught by any of the Muses;  
Which do their wand'ring Steps restrain,  
And make them know the Road again:  
These some affirm from Phoebus came,  
Who rules by these his Heav'nly Team;  
And think young giddy Phaeton,  
By Ignorance of these undone.  
Now, why should we so much admire,  
Th' Effects of the fam'd Thracian Lyre?  
Since ev'ry Waggoner, we know,  
Can do as much with Hei Gee Whoe.

## A Song.

Cease, Damon, cease, nor more pursue  
The Nymph that is more fair than true.

As wanton Insects through the Air,  
To the first Light they see, repair,  
Unmindful of the Danger there:  
So wing'd with Haste, the Lover flies,  
Fondly admires his Celia's Eyes,  
And courts the Flame in which he dies.

## 'Tis Money makes a Man.

NOW only Wealth prevails; let him be base  
Descended, of a vile and vulgar Race;  
Be he a Sor, a Fool, ye a meer Swine,  
Yet, if he have but Money, and go fine,  
He shall be honour'd by our Sons of Earth,  
As the best He that comes of Noble Birth.  
Be he Debauch'd, yet he's a second Cato,  
Money makes him Divine, he equals Plato;  
He's Vertuous, Wise, well Born, and what you will,  
That can with Money both his Pockets fill.

To my Friend Mr. John C---n, complain-  
ing of his Wife.

Sir,

BE Content, let this your Hopes uphold,  
Venus was but a Quean, Juno a Scold.

## On Time. By Mr. Sam. P-----ps.

TELL me, O Time, why thou art painted Bald,  
With Eyes, by scalding Rheums, all Red and  
Gall'd:  
With wrinkl'd Cheeks, and a dry wither'd Skin,  
Which, Mantle-like, folds thy lean Carcass in?  
These to Old Age do properly belong,  
And not to thee, for thou art ever Young:  
This Truth we are by holy Records told,  
That Time will never be a Minute Old.

## Upon the French. By the same Hand.

LET Brittain boast no Nation's can compare  
With her bold Sons, for God-like Feats in War;  
We don't pretend we any do excel,  
Either in Dressing, or in Fighting well:  
But say, that we the Parthians equalize,  
In their Engaging with their Enemys:  
Only in this some Difference doth lye,  
We fly from Fighting, but they Fighting fly.



To Almira, sitting for her Picture.

When the fam'd Painter had design'd a Peice,  
Which should the fairest Queen of Love ex-  
press,  
Tis said, from each renowned Græcian Dame,  
He sought Materials, to compleat the same:  
Had he but liv'd to've had this Sight of you,  
Wish for less Pains he had been furnish'd now;  
Those Graces, which so many did divide,  
All met in you, had been at once supply'd;  
All that his Art, or Fancy could Desire,  
To adorn the Goddess, you alone inspire;  
What ere can the Divineest Passions move,  
And raise our Adoration, and our Love.

Loath to part, or Frailty confess'd.

Farewel, deluding World, tempt me no more,  
I must confess I lov'd thee heretofore;  
Thou Author of my Harms, and all my Woe,  
And yet I cannot, cannot leave thee so.  
Thou dost present such Objects to my Sight,  
So many charming Beauties to delight,  
That all my Resolutions vanquish quite.  
Vertue persuades me sometimes to retire,  
And then some Phillis sets me all on Fire,  
Or beauteous Chloris stirs up my Desire.  
Here Pomp and Splendor meet me in the Street,  
And then, by all means, fain I wou'd be Great:  
I'd be a Courtier, Statesman, General,  
Like them, be follow'd, and admir'd by all;  
I wou'd have heaps of White and Yellow Oar,  
Keep Coach and Beagles, and perhaps a Wh-re.  
Ambition craving still, for this and that,  
I'd have, I'd have, I'd be, I know not what.  
Thus I go on, in spite of what I know:  
How vain and trifling all things are below!  
How wretch'd a thing is Man, who having try'd  
Want and Enjoyment, still's unsatisfied!

The Explanation of the Riddle in Num-  
ber 13.

A Species strange, of Forreign Race,  
Which has but lately shown its Face,  
And ne're began to come in Fashion,  
But since the Blessed Restauration;  
Now much indeed in Vogue of late,  
And introduc'd in Church and State.  
Tis true, its Family is Old,  
(Older than Adam, we are told;)  
But as it came upon the Stage,  
It still was futed to the Age,  
And often chang'd its Form and Name,  
Tho' 'twas, like Faction, still the same.  
And now it yet maintains those Laws,  
And still supports its Good Old Cause:  
Greatly increas'd in three Reigns past,  
So much in none, as in the last:  
It now begins to stop again,  
Under the Queen's auspicious Reign.  
Such mighty Rhet'rick it attends,  
'Twas never known to miss its Ends.  
Indeed could Men be once so wise,  
Its charming Friendship to despise,  
Tumultuous Faction then would cease,  
And happy England be at Peace:  
Ev'n B— then might Church-men be,  
And hate Occasional Conformity.

The Humours of a Country Fair. A  
Song.

I.  
Lads and Lasses,  
Take your Places,  
Hither merrily repair,  
Piping, Singing,  
Sporting, Springing,  
All for the Honour of our Fair.  
II.  
Come all on the Grass,  
Here the Day let us pass,  
With Musick and Lasses that love us;  
We relish Delight,  
Both by Day and by Night,  
Far better than Lovers above us.  
The Great Ones at Court,  
Are glutt'd with Sport,  
Their Leisure their Pleasure destroy;  
But still at a Fair  
A Day's worth a Year,  
And there we all Riot in Joy.

A Letter from a Quaker to his Friend.

Loving Friend,  
This is to desire thee to go to a Vulture-kike-  
man, called an Attorney, and take of  
him a Paper signed with two Seals, and carry  
it to a Serpent-man, called a Bayliff, and let  
him seize upon the Earthly Tabernacle of J.  
B-----; for he hath broken up the Generation-  
Box of D. F-----, a Sister of the Light: Let  
him be brought before a Lamb-skin-man, and  
let him do unto him according to their Law.  
Thy Loving Friend, T. B.

Advertisements.

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ma's Songs, Sonnets, Prologues and Epilogues, or  
any other Original Pieces in Prose or Verse, proper  
to be Inserted in this Paper; to Mr. Playford, at  
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Turks-head Coffee-house in Essex-Street in the Strand,  
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